

## The Brown Girl

### THE BROWN GIRL 4106 19B1

Mrs. O. C. Davis Shafter, 1940

Oh Mother oh Mother Unriddle your sports Unriddle them all for me Wheather I shall marry  
Fair Ellan dear Or bring the Brown girl home. The Brown girl has both money and land Fair  
Eellan she has none I charge you on my blessed son Go bring the brown girl home.

Go saddle up my milk white horse Go bring mine close to me And I'll write Fair Eellan dear  
Unto my Wedding day. He rode till he got to Eellans gate And rattled on the reins There  
was none so ready as Eellan herself To rise and Welcome him in.

Oh whats the matter Lord Thomas cried she Oh what is the matter with thee, Oh I have  
come to invite you to my wedding day Along to morrow eve. She dressed her self in scarlet  
red Her waist was trimmed in Green And ever house that she passed by She was taken to  
be some queen.

She rode till she got to Thomas gate And rattled on the reins There was none so ready as  
Thomas his self To rise and welcome her in. He took her by the lilly white hand And lead  
her through the hall And set her down to the head of the table Among the ladies all.

Oh is this your bride that sits by year side She is brown she's very Brown You should have  
married a fairer girl That ever walked the ground. The Brown girl had a little pen knife So  
keen so very sharp She ploung it at Fair Ellens side In entered to her heart.

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Oh wants the matter Fair Ellen cried he Oh wants the matter with thee. Oh can't you see  
my hearts over flowing Over flowing blood for thee He took the Brown girl by the hand And  
lead her in the hall Took out his knife cut off her head And kicked it against the wall.

And put the handle in the wall The blade into his heart Says this is the last of these three  
lovers That god is drifting apart. Oh Mother Oh Mother go dig my grave Dig it both broad  
and deep And bury Fair Ellen in my arms And the Brown girl at my feet. And plant a rose  
bush at my head And a brier at my feet And let them tangle together for ever And tie a true  
lovers knot.

Written out by a cousin of Mrs. Davis, Miss Nina Hudson, when she was 13 (17 years  
ago).